

NEWSBOYS DINED.

Treated to a Big Banquet
by "The Evening
World."

Mme. Albani Sang While the
Youngsters Feasted.

The Famous Soprano Moved to
Tears by the Applause.

There Was a Parade First to
Sharpen Appetites.

Then the Small Army Annihilated
Hundreds of Turkeys and
Mince Pies.

Oh, what a bustling, hungry, good-natured
crowd of guests THE EVENING WORLD
entertained at Christmas dinner at the Everett
Hotel yesterday!

Six hundred newsboys, every boy with the
appetite of 600, and the 600 all vying with
each other in feats of gustation.
It was 11.15 when this uproariously joy-
ous 600 charged into Barclay street and
bore down upon the entrance to the Everett
Hotel. They came with drums beating
and horns blaring, with banners flying
and prepared to do or die.



SIG. VIARESE, DIRECTOR OF THE ITALIAN COM-
PANY—MME. ALBANI'S COMPANY, of
the Everett, who has successfully prepared the
house for seven years, was fully prepared to
surrender. He did so with a good grace, and
the newsboy guests filed in to the music of
the Evening World March, composed for the
occasion by Director H. A. Hall, and played
by the Old Guard Band, twenty pieces, led by
Albert Caldwell. The band was in full uni-
form, after the style of the Old Grenadier
Band, of London.

They wore scarlet coats embroidered in
gold, blue trousers and blue caps.

The boys filed into the great dining room
with its tasseled marble floor and its ad-
mirable arrangement of fifty small tables.
Of course, the 600 could not all be accom-
modated at once, and while 167 of them
dined, the rest worked up a little more ap-
petite by blowing the tin horns provided for
the celebration.

LABORERS TO THE DINING.
On the line of march the parade preced-
ing the line of good-hearted people on the
sidewalk had thrown dimes and quarters to

PLAYED YESTERDAY AT THE NEWSBOYS' DINNER.

Dedicated to THE NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

THE "EVENING WORLD" MARCH.

Composed by H. A. HALL,
Band Master of THE OLD GUARD BAND.

Copyright, 1891, by H. A. Hall.

half his life, was the first to enter, and he ran
like a deer to a seat at one of the small tables
in the extreme end of the hall.
Bennie was followed by Charles Claim, who
is known as "Dime the Lion;" William
Enright, otherwise "Butchie;" Joe Hull,
otherwise "Swipes;" Mankie Guggenheim, a
weak, little creature; William Connor, Edward
Middletown, known as "Shorty;" "Paddy the
Whistler," who was christened Jeremiah
McGuire, and lives in Blind Man's alley;
Cherry Street; James Cassidy, another
little chap of ten years; James Walker,
who rolls up the whites and
answers to "Coco;" Freddie Felt, other-
wise "Peanuts;" Charles Ebule, known as
"Bucky;" Edward "Cate" Foley, aged nine;

had been sent for the occasion by Steiny, &
Sons.
Every knife and fork was instantly silent.
Every newsboy's big eyes were turned
towards the woman of leucous face. There
was a silence like that before the benedic-
tion.

A BENEDICTION IN SOUVENIR.
Mme. Albani delivered a benediction in
sweet music. She sang the "Jewel Song,"
from "Faust," and sang it with the same gen-
tle sweetness that her audience have been the most
important melody of the world instead of a
gathering of frolicking newsboys.

The applause that followed the last rich
note of the gifted songstress was tremendous,
tutors, while the tears rolled down the
weather-beaten cheeks of many of the news-
boys. Then the songstress sang a Barcarole
song that was equally applauded.

When Mme. Albani began to sing "Home,
Sweet Home," a little fellow sitting at the
table directly in front of the piano laid down
the fork and knife he had just taken up, and
listened with rapt attention. When she
finished his dinner was still untouched. He
could not eat. The songstress, while the ap-
plause was still ringing, went over to him and
put her hand upon his face. The lady
with her hair moved her tears. She
stepped across the aisle and forced
into the boy's hand the great bunch of hot-
water violets she had at her belt. The boy
seemed overwhelmed with happiness.
His eyes glistened with joy. A gentleman
seeing he had lost his Christmas dinner, tried
to give him some silver.

his little stomach would hold, for there was
no stult to the fare provided.

SERVED BY FIFTY WAITERS.
Seated at the fifty small tables the boys
were served by fifty white-jacketed, white-
aproned waiters, and with as much care and
circumference as though they were million-
aires and a hands-on tip was sure to follow.
The boys were quiet, docile and gentle-
manly. They sat on their hats for the most
part, and they conducted themselves in a
manner that did them most credit.

It was the most successful dinner ever
given in New York. Some of the smaller
boys, being unable to eat all that was set be-
fore them, carried their mince pies away to
their homes.

THE FEAST COMMEMORATED IN VERSE.
The following was written in celebration of
the newsboys' feast, by "N. C. P.," a Brooklyn
poet:

THE CHARGE OF THE NEWS BRIGADE.
Half a block, more or less,
Half a block covered,
Right down through Vesey street,
Marched the Six Hundred.
Forward, the News Brigade!
Forward, the News Brigade!
Then to the banquet hall
Marched the Six Hundred.

IV.
"Forward, the News Brigade!"
Was there a boy dismayed?
Not if he knew himself.
The World has not blundered,
Thinks not to sink or shrink,
Thinks not to shy or lurch,
Thinks not to "do the Turk";
Then to the banquet hall
Marched the Six Hundred.

III.
Pie to the right of them,
Jam to the left of them,
Right in front of them,
Stuffed and unnumbered.
Heavily they met their fate,
Full was each ample plate;
Well the newsboy know,
Every word in the freight-
July Six Hundred.

II.
Flashed all their knife-blades here,
Flashed all their forks in air,
Slashing the newsboy here,
Charging that army, while
All the houses cowered.
This was no Christmas joke,
Right through the pocket broke
Turkish "Lafayette."
Reeled as from earthquake strokes,
Shattered and splintered,
Then they marched back again,
Feasted Six Hundred.

I.
New York must have their aid,
Light-hearted News Brigade,
All the town wondered,
How the News Brigade
Cheer for The World that made
Happy Six Hundred.
N. C. P.

ALBANI AND THE NEWSBOYS.

To Jericho with your "brilliant social
events" and your "unjustified con-
nection of cultivated music with evening
dinner," and a collection of the Four Hundred! I say,
to Jericho with you—though, of course, that is
merely a figure of speech. For I want you to
stay right here and listen to me. I really
think that I had begun to believe it myself;
to imagine that due appreciation of music be-
longed to the cultured few, and needed the
surroundings of luxury and the pomp of
opulence. I had also grown to look upon the
songs of the newsboys as mere "penny
songs," of which we hear so much, as
creations of caprice who cannot stand the
fright of day, and whose voices, removed from
the superb acoustic properties of a magnifi-
cent hall, sink into every-day mediocrity.

I am glad about yesterday. It gave me
new impressions, and washed my lethargic
soul into new grooves. For Albani sang to
the boys, and the boys sang to me. It was
the world for themselves—and they had the
sympathetic presence of a good and charm-
ing woman.

You can, of course, pay to hear Albani at

the Metropolitan Opera-House, and whatever
you pay isn't too much. But you can't see
this singer, bated in the light of a benign
benevolence, her whole heart absolutely in
the work of compelling admiration, smiling at
her audience, thrilling her hearers into an
ecstasy, and joyfully marking the effect of
her song.

It was a great yesterday at the Everett
Hotel—a great festive day-given yesterday.
The little chaplets who tread on our toes in
the street cars and penetrate the fog-laden
air of the early morning with their cries in
the interests of newspapers were all there,
beast on enjoyment. If you want to play, you
came along to enjoy these boys' little ability to
enjoy. Happiness touches them more quickly
and more effectively than it touches you or
me. Perhaps they don't get very much of it
in their dark little lives, and they may never
know the meaning of that dread, uncomfort-
able word—*bliss*.

When I saw them conveying turkey into
their systems with a sort of stomachic
tegrity that was astounding I said to myself:
"Albani hopes to rival those plump, meaty
birds in the affections of the boys. Albani
will get left." The songstress arrived. She
took a glance around, her eyes beaming, her
face aglow. She said to me: "They love
their turkey, and I don't imagine that they
are going to think much of me."
I frankly admit this morning that I am a
fool, and know nothing at all outside of my
own narrow groove. And I can't help think-
ing that Albani herself will confess that she
made a little mistake and that music, al-
though not quite as nourishing as turkey,
proved itself to be infinitely more fascinating.

When "The Jewel Song" from "Faust" had
ceased to pour its liquid melody into every
nook and cranny of that greedy host, there
was a moment's silence and then a volley of
applause, compared with which the un-
inspired bravos of the Metropolitan Opera-
House were hollow mockery. The boys for-
got dramatics, sudden wings, lovely geese
glaziers, and golden gravy. Their little
minds were quickened for the admission of tur-
key, but for the emotion of exultation.

Never have I heard Albani sing so glow-
ingly. The opening *adagio* was delivered
as faultlessly as though her audience had
been long-haired Teutonic eries, and the
first turn of Gounod's stirring melody seemed
to quiver in feeling. Albani turned and
faced her audience. She sang into their very
souls. Her roulades were executed with a
precision that took away my breath. None
of the latter-day singers, fresh from the Paris
conservatories, from the Marchesi and
from the schools of Milan can hold a candle to
Albani. I have listened to "The Jewel
Song" a hundred times, but I never under-
stood it until yesterday.

Seventeen voices—counted them—crowded
into the hall, bent on sharing Albani with
the newsboys. They were all named Bridget
—those who were not called Bella—and they
left their pans on the stove, for I heard a
furious sound of fiercely trying fat and a
dreadful odor of burning was at one time
threatened.

"The Jewel Song" had been
"The Jewel Song" had been
"The Jewel Song" had been
"The Jewel Song" had been

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

VOORHIS READY TO COMBINE.

His Faction to Ally with the Coun-
ties and the Stockholders.

Tammany Wins the Two Voorhis
Aldermen—The Board of 1892.

News of a little gathering of great political
significance which was held early in the
present week, has been kept secret until this
morning. It was a dinner given by Police
Commissioner John R. Voorhis to the district
leaders of his faction in the Sinclair House,
with a succeeding conference as to the policy
which the New York Democracy shall adopt
in coming campaigns.

The result of this conference was the pas-
sage of a resolution authorizing the appoint-
ment of a committee to wait on and confer
with representatives of the County Democ-
racy, the Stockholder Association and other
anti-Tammany Democrats, with a view to form-
ing an offensive alliance against Richard Croker
and the Tammany faction.

The reason for this change of front on the
part of Commissioner Voorhis, who has for
two years run the New York Democracy as
practically a sort of Tammany adjunct, is
said to be the realization, on his part, that
such an alliance resembles very much the
lying down together of the lion and the lamb,
the former tyrannized by Tammany—on the out-
side.

The only results of the alliance thus far ob-
tained was the election of one Voorhis to the
Board of Aldermen, and the election of one
Voorhis to the Board of Aldermen, and the
election of one Voorhis to the Board of Alder-
men, and the election of one Voorhis to the
Board of Aldermen.

The Tammany members of the Board of Alder-
men, who have already appointed a commit-
tee, looking to an alliance with the
County Democracy, have sought last year,
but fell through because the New York
Democracy did not give up its name and
the Counties were equally obdurate. This
difficulty, it is said, will not be encountered in
the present negotiations.

The Board of Aldermen and Martin
from the Voorhis side will give Tammany
Hall twenty-five of the twenty-six members
of the Board when it organizes Jan. 5 next.
These are President Arnold and Aldermen
Fryer, of Harlem; Noonan, Ryder,
Clancy, Charles Smith, Mead, Martin, Tait,
Charles J. Smith, Rogers, Murphy, Dooling,
Hart, Roche, Morgan, and Bailey.

The Republicans have three members, Al-
dermen Morrissey, of East, and Connelley,
of the West, and Schmitt, of the East. The
Independent Citizens of the Annexed District,
of the twenty-six members, ten are engaged in
the liquor or beer business, three less of
this class than were elected to the Board of
Aldermen last year. The other seven are
meat marketmen, one grocer, a cigar man-
ufacturer, a fish dealer, one blacksmith, a coal
dealer, one upholsterer and two agents.

The Tammany members, who will control
any longer, I am quite sure that there would
have been a different interpretation of the old
saying—all the fat's in the fire.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such
a delightfully sentimental way that I began
to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am
sure that they understood every word and
knew the full significance of the song.



Important announce-
ment to chewers of to-
bacco. Rebate coupons,
one in each package, one
hundred good for two
dollars, in John Ander-
son & Co.'s new five-cent
brand fine cut.

"EXTRA."

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil
has been removed.Is absolutely pure and
it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It
has more than three times the
strength of Cocoa mixed with
Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one
cent a cup. It is delicious, nour-
ishing, strengthening, and
as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STANDARD INSTRUMENTS OF
Unequaled Excellence.

BEHR BROS.

GRAND AND
UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

BEHR BROS., 111 E. 11th St., New York.

JAPANESE
PILE
CUREA Guaranteed Cure for Piles—External, Internal,
Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Chronic, Recent or Heredit-
ary. The only medicine that cures without pain or
danger. 21¢ a box, six for \$1.00, sent by mail. A writ-
ing guarantee given with each box, when purchased
in advance, to refund the \$1.00 if not cured. Guar-
anteed by A. J. DITMAN, Agent, Astor House,
New York.

DR. OWEN'S

Electric Belt

Cures acute, chronic and
neuralgic pains, sciatica, rheu-
matism, etc. For sale by all
druggists. Sent by mail on receipt
of \$1.00. English, German, French
and Norwegian, or Free
on request.THE OWEN ELECTRIC
BELT & APPLICATOR.

100 Broadway, N. Y.

An Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

A copy of Dr. A. Owen's Electric World mailed free.

Pennyroyal's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL'S PILLS.

Cures acute, chronic and
neuralgic pains, sciatica, rheu-
matism, etc. For sale by all
druggists. Sent by mail on receipt
of \$1.00. English, German, French
and Norwegian, or Free
on request.THE OWEN ELECTRIC
BELT & APPLICATOR.

100 Broadway, N. Y.

An Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

A copy of Dr. A. Owen's Electric World mailed free.

Pennyroyal's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL'S PILLS.

Cures acute, chronic and
neuralgic pains, sciatica, rheu-
matism, etc. For sale by all
druggists. Sent by mail on receipt
of \$1.00. English, German, French
and Norwegian, or Free
on request.THE OWEN ELECTRIC
BELT & APPLICATOR.

100 Broadway, N. Y.

An Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

A copy of Dr. A. Owen's Electric World mailed free.

Pennyroyal's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL'S PILLS.

Cures acute, chronic and
neuralgic pains, sciatica, rheu-
matism, etc. For sale by all
druggists. Sent by mail on receipt
of \$1.00. English, German, French
and Norwegian, or Free
on request.THE OWEN ELECTRIC
BELT & APPLICATOR.

100 Broadway, N. Y.

An Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

A copy of Dr. A. Owen's Electric World mailed free.

Pennyroyal's English Diamond Brand.